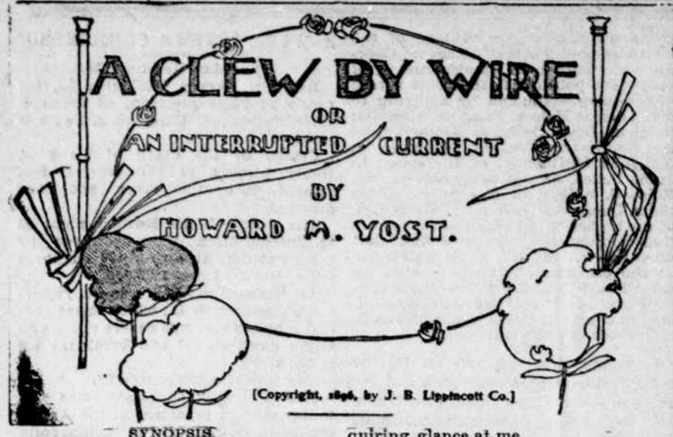


SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Nelson Conway, suspected of a Philadelphia bank robbery, reaches Sidington on his way to the old Nelson homestead, gets Jake Hunsicker to drive him to his boyhood home and recognizes in Jake's wife Sarah, a servant 18 years before to his grandfather Nelson.

CHAPTER II—A year previous Conway, paying teller in a Philadelphia savings bank, was invited to the home of Florence Morley to a party. Knowing this would not allow him to return to bank as early next morning as usual he arranges with Horace Jackson—a fellow employe—to be on hand when the clockwork should release combination of vault. Returning to bank next morning Conway discovers the cash reserve of $400,000 missing.

CHAPTER III—Conway is accused of theft, but Mr. Morley, a trustee, proves an alibi for him, without however removing the general suspicion.

CHAPTER IV—Perry expresses his confidence in Conway, but says officially he must hold him in doubt, whereupon Conway resigns his position. Mr. Morley also believes in Conway's innocence, but because of public distrust exacts a promise that friendly relations between Conway and Florence Morley be discontinued until Conway proves his innocence.

CHAPTER V—Florence shortly after this writes to assure Conway of her continued respect and trust. In the old Nelson home, so long deserted, Conway hears strange noises; sees a ghostly figure in the moonlight, shoots at it, only to find it a reflection of himself. Unearthly voices are heard even after daylight comes speaking in disjointed unmeaning phrases. Conway learns from Sarah that Sylvester Morley and his daughter have a summer residence in near neighborhood.

CHAPTER VI—Discovery is made that both doorways to one of the cellars have been walled up. Florence driving by with her father sees Conway, but offers no salutation. Jackson has frequently been coming from city and sometimes calls on the Morleys.

CHAPTER VII.

The probability that I had a rival in the field, and one who had a free road while I was handicapped by the suspicion of a crime, filled me with desperation.

Had I only followed my first impulse, and not allowed a whole year to intervene without making an attempt to clear myself! If you want anything of consequence done, do it yourself, was a maxim I had always believed in, and as far as possible followed out. But in this one most important instance, where the circumstances affected my whole life and promised to annul all possibility of future happiness, I had held aloof with a supineness for which I could not now condemn myself strongly enough.

I knew the bank officials had used every effort to recover their property. I knew the shrewdest detectives had been put on the case. Notwithstanding this, nothing had been discovered. How could I, then, hope to succeed! Where could I begin? There was not the least sign of clew to work on.

I soon drove into Twineburgh, and had no trouble in locating Mr. Sonntag's office.

An undersized old fellow with bristling gray hair was seated at a desk, his back toward the door. He took no notice of me, and, after standing for a few minutes gazing at the back of his head, I made known my presence.

"I wish to speak to Mr. Sonntag," I said.

"Take a chair; be at leisure in a moment," came the answer, in quick, jerky tones. He did not even turn his head, but went on with his work.

I sat down and looked around. It was a typical small-town lawyer's office I was in. There were a few law books in a small, rickety bookcase on one side of the room, a few rough wooden chairs, warranted to cause a backache only to look at them, a few old maps and calendars, most of the latter of former years, hanging on the walls, a wooden spittoon filled with sawdust on the floor, a rusty stove, from which the discolorations of the fires of the last winter had not been removed, standing in one corner, and, lastly, the desk before which was seated my agent and lawyer.

I thought the old fellow, judging from his back, was in complete harmony with his surroundings; but I soon found I had misjudged the man. For when he finally arose, turned toward me and favored me with a searching glance from a pair of the keenest steel-blue eyes I had ever seen, it was very evident Mr. Sonntag was not as rusty as his surroundings.

There was something familiar to me about him. Had I met him before? I could not remember.

Arising, I was about to make myself known, but before I could utter a word he stepped briskly up to me and with a smile extended his hand.

"I am glad to see you," he began. "Of course you are my client, Mr. Nelson Conway?"

"Yes, that is my name," I answered, somewhat surprised. "But, as you have probably never seen me before, although your face does seem familiar, I should like to ask how you knew."

"Nothing remarkable about it at all. You wrote me from Paris, you remember, stating the probable time of your arrival home. And, although I have been here only six months, I have got to know, by sight at least, every one about this place. Therefore I knew you were a stranger, that Mr. Conway was about due, and—well, there you have it. Have you just arrived?"

"I came yesterday noon."

"Indeed. And where are you stopping?"

"Over at the old house, of course. Where else should I have gone?"

"Oh, I supposed you would have put up at the hotel here in Twineburgh until we could get things in a little better shape for you at the homestead. How did you find things?"

"Considering that the house has been vacant so many years, I was very agreeably surprised to note the good state of repair it is in," I replied.

"I have tried to follow out the plans of my predecessor as far as possible. You think you will enjoy yourself in Nelsonville?" he asked, flashing an inquiring glance at me.

"Oh, yes. I hope to have absolute rest and peace, at any rate," I replied, somewhat hesitatingly, for my sojourn at the old house had certainly not begun restfully. I had slept but little the night before.

"Nothing about the arrangements I have made for your comfort to prevent it, is there?" he asked.

"No. You have done well. I want to ask you, before I forget it, why did you have the cellar off of the old storeroom walled up?"

A look of perplexity came over his face, and, as he did not seem to comprehend my question, I went on more explicitly:

"There were two doorways, one leading to the storeroom and the other leading to the outside. Both these doorways have been built up with solid masonry to correspond with the foundation walls. I simply ask out of curiosity what your reasons were for having it done—not that I have any objection."

My question was a simple enough one. Mr. Sonntag seemed to think it necessary to ponder over it, however.

"Let me see. The cellar you have reference to is directly under the room you proposed in your letter of instruction to me to occupy," he finally said.

"Yes, and there used to be two doors to—"

"And they have been built up?" he broke in.

"Yes. Do you not know about it?" I asked, in surprise.

"No," he replied, shortly.

"Then you did not have it done?"

"Certainly not. I had nothing to do with it. Know nothing about it," he answered, decidedly. "If they are built up, it has been done within six weeks. For when I received your letter announcing your intention to occupy the house for a time, I went all through the place, and those doorways were not built up then. I even went into that cellar. It was a damp, musty hole, and I intended to call your attention to it and ask what you wished done about it."

"Well, that's strange! Who could have done it!" I exclaimed, thoroughly perplexed. "How did you get into the storeroom? I had to kick open the door."

"Oh, I had a key to the outside door, and got in that way. H'm! It is, as you say, very strange, indeed. But resume your seat, Mr. Conway."

Again the thought occurred to me that I had met Mr. Sonntag, or at least seen him, somewhere before.

"Did I ever meet you?" I asked, voicing my thought.

He glanced quickly at me, and then smiled as he said: "Look like some one you know, do I? One often meets people who put them in mind of some one else. Now, regarding this cellar affair. Is there anyone you know who is interested in your property?" he asked, in a brisk, business-like manner.

"No one," I replied. "I am the last of my race—a lonely man, and one who is sick at heart, I was about to add."

Mr. Sonntag's face became serious, and I thought there was a touch of pity on it.

"Cheer up, Mr. Conway. The tables will turn some day, and you will forget the time of trouble and despondency," the old lawyer said, cheerily and hopefully; "perhaps sooner than you have any idea of. Now, then," he continued, returning to his brisk, business-like manner, "some one has walled up those doorways. Who was it, and for what purpose? If it was done with the idea of a hiding-place, what was the thing to be hidden? Something which was never again to be reproduced, evidently, or the room would not have been wholly sealed. Perhaps there was a secret entrance provided. But then, why should your property have been selected? Were you alone when the discovery was made?"

"No, sir. A woman who used to act as nurse girl when I was a young one was with me, and also Mrs. Snyder, the widow who takes care of the house."

"Yes, I know. I believe the old widow can be relied upon to say nothing about the circumstances if she is told not to. How about the other, your old nurse?"

"She would do anything possible for me. I was her idol when a child, and now devotion for me seems to have been augmented in proportion to my stature. Sarah is wholly trustworthy, and if I requested her not to mention the matter she would have her tongue cut out rather than breathe a word of it."

"That's good. The discovery had best be kept secret," the old lawyer said, reflectively.

"There is another thing I wish to mention, though perhaps it is hardly worth dwelling upon. Mrs. Snyder thinks there is something strange about the house. And she has so succeeded in impressing my old nurse with the idea that Sarah is quite concerned about my staying. She seems to be imbued with an inexplicable fear that something harmful threatens me."

"Indeed! What do you mean when you say there is something strange? You mean mysterious?" the old lawyer asked, in the manner he would have used in cross-examining a witness.

"Yes; Mrs. Snyder claims to have seen mysterious lights at night, and heard strange noises."

Mr. Sonntag's eyes lost their shrewd expression for a few moments; he relapsed into deep thought.

"Have these mysteries any relation to, or any connection with, the sealed cellar?" he finally asked.

"The woman said nothing about the strange events being located in any particular place, and I did not think to ask her," I replied. The old lawyer's question opened up a new train of thought. Could it be possible that the strange voice I had heard proceeded from the sealed cellar?

"Ah! I suppose the women are superstitious and think the place is haunted. Such ideas generally get abroad about old, long vacated houses. But you do not mind their talk? You are not afraid of ghosts, are you?" The old fellow's eyes twinkled merrily.

"Well I have never come across any of those shadowy beings. I could tell better after I met one. I hardly think talk alone could frighten me," I replied, somewhat shamefacedly, remembering how nearly I had been unnerved the night before by my own reflection.

"I will be over some time to-morrow, and will see if anything can be done regarding the mysterious cellar," Mr. Sonntag said, as I rose to leave. "And—pardon me for referring to the unfortunate affair—have you heard of any new developments in the robbery case?"

"What!" I exclaimed, "you know of it too?"

"Certainly. I lived near Philadelphia at the time and I read the papers," he replied, smilingly.

"It seems I cannot escape hearing of that terrible affair," I said, bitterly. "And I acted the part of a fool, too, in the matter. Instead of putting forth every effort to find the perpetrators I let the thing go; let others, who could not possibly have had the interest in the case that I had, undertake investigations. I am rightly served for my supineness, for I have heard nothing about it at all. I know what I knew the morning of its occurrence, not a bit more. Others have failed; I intend to see now what I can do."

"You intend going into the affair, then?" he said, dryly.

"I do, with all the energy and resource I am possessed of."

"Do you know how near you came to being arrested for the crime?" Sonntag asked.

"Why, yes. I know, of course, that would have happened could anything have been found against me."

"Well, there was enough to hold you, on suspicion at least."

"Then why did you not arrest me? I am sure I was willing. I courted a trial."

"It was very seriously talked of among the trustees. But the president opposed it, for one," Sonntag said.

"Yes, I know he really believed me innocent."

"But his objection was not the strongest influence which arose in your behalf," continued my agent. "The strongest, most powerful opposition to our arrest came from one whose influence outweighs even the president's."

"One of the trustees?" I asked, eagerly.

"Yes."

"You cannot mean—"

"Sylvester Morley," interrupted the lawyer.

"Mr. Morley!" I exclaimed, joyfully. For I knew, great as Sylvester Morley's influence was, there was one who wielded a greater, since she could influence her father. Was it her sweet self that had come to my aid through her father? It would be happiness to know this; but then—why had she passed me without a greeting?

My face must have told a whole story to the shrewd old lawyer. When I turned toward him again there was a very grave expression on his face, and a contemplative look about his sharp eyes as he regarded me.

"You seem highly elated by this," he said.

"Oh, I am. What young man would not feel highly honored in knowing that a man of Mr. Morley's standing had defended him?" I exclaimed.

The old fellow saw the blush which spread over my face, however, and he smiled as he replied: "I do not court your confidence, but it is plain there is some power behind Mr. Morley which led that gentleman to defend you. Now, believe me, Mr. Conway, I do not ask for curiosity; there is a grave purpose in the question I am about to ask you," he went on, as the smile died from his face and what seemed to me to be deep concern appeared instead. "The question is this: Are you an especial friend of Miss Morley's? Are you engaged to marry her?"

"No. But, had the suspicion of the robbery not fallen upon me, I probably would have asked her to be my wife long before now," I replied, rather wondering at myself for telling this to the old fellow on so short an acquaintance.

"Ah, she loves you, then?"

"That I cannot say. I believe she did think very highly of me at one time; but I promised not to hold any communication with her until my innocence was known. It is a year since then. Whether her feeling for me has changed or not I do not know."

"You have stuck to your promise, then?"

"Why, certainly!" I answered, with some indignation at the implied doubt of me.

"Now about the investigation you desire to engage in," Sonntag said, changing the subject rather abruptly. "What do you propose to do? How go about it?"

"Oh, hire some smart detective," I replied. "I suppose that will be the only way. What else can I do?"

"Do you think the bank officials have done nothing? Do you think you could find any shrewder detectives than have undoubtedly been working on the case? If the bank with all its tremendous resources has not succeeded in running the robbers down, how can you expect to succeed when your limited means would make your search merely a superficial one?"

"But, heavens, man! what am I to do? Carry this load to the grave? Why, Mr. Sonntag, this suspicion of me, you cannot imagine what a horrible thing it is, how it darkens my life!" I exclaimed, in bitterness of spirit, as I realized how hopeless my case seemed.

"You have been patient so long under your trouble, a little more endurance will not hurt you," Sonntag said, in answer to my despairing words. "You'll come out of it all with flying colors some day. Now it may not look so to you, but to me it appears that you have done a great deal yourself, in the investigations which no doubt are still in progress."

"How can that be? I have done nothing."

"Ah! She loves you then."

—"And that is exactly what I mean. That very course seems to me to be a great feature in the search, though you cannot see it in that light." Sonntag smiled in a knowing way.

"In what respect has my supineness aided the case?" I asked, curiously.

"By allowing the real perpetrators of the crime to feel secure in their position, knowing as they probably do that you are still the only suspected party."

I was much impressed by the old fellow's words.

"You ought to have been a detective," I remarked, at which he turned his sharp glance toward me and answered:

"Yes, I might have done something in that line. But I prefer a quiet life."

Sonntag followed me out to the buggy. I took up the lines, but a thought occurred to me, and I delayed my departure to voice it.

"Do you know Mr. Morley?" I asked.

"No, I do not," was Sonntag's answer.

"Then where did you get your information about that gentleman's defense of me?"

"Oh, such news gets out sometimes. Still, I don't mind telling you. It was from Horace Jackson I received the information."

"From Jackson!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "You know Jackson, then?"

"Yes; merely a speaking acquaintance, though. He comes here quite frequently."

"How can he get away from the bank?" I asked.

"He is not employed there now. Jackson has become quite wealthy, at least so he himself says. He has made some big strikes speculating in coal lands. He said he could not afford to devote his time to the bank for a paltry salary when his interests outside had grown so important. So he left about five or six months ago."

"Then he did finally fulfill his threat of leaving," I remarked. "He was always talking about leaving," I continued, in explanation. "As he still held on to his position notwithstanding, it got to be a standing joke in the office about Jackson quitting the job."

"Ah, indeed? He seemed, then, to desire that every one of his associates might expect his leaving at any time?" remarked the lawyer, with a significance I could not then account for.

"I suppose so, or he would not have reiterated his intention so frequently. And he's become rich? No wonder. He told me once he was interested with Mr. Morley in a few business ventures. Well, he's lucky. You'll be over, then, to-morrow?"

"Yes. Good-day."

(To Be Continued.)

A Pleasant Prospect.

Mrs. Wayupp—Rev. Dr. Orthodox says that he believes all people in the hereafter will continue the work they began on earth."

Mrs. Highupp—That's just lovely. Then there will be dry goods stores to go shopping in.—N. Y. Weekly.

More Than Enough.

Judge—The jury has found you guilty of bigamy. Have you anything to say before I pass sentence upon you?

Prisoner—Well, judge, I'll leave it to you if havin' two wives ain't punishment enough.—N. Y. Herald.

Only Possible Reason.

"Yes," said the sweet young thing, proudly, "I've never been kissed by a man in my life."

"You ought to quit eating onions," said the old bachelor, sourly.—Chicago Tribune.

A Cruel Stab.

"Yes, Miss Searenyellough's poodle died yesterday. It was awfully pathetic. She kissed it good-by."

"Kissed it, eh? Well—er—was that before or after the doctors had abandoned hope?"—Baltimore News.

Safely Hived.

Were I a honey bee to-day,
Mine were a pleasure deep;
All winter long they'd keep away
And kindly let me sleep.
—Washington Star.

NOT A LINGUIST.

Oliver—Pa, what does bon-mot mean?

Pa—Oh, don't bother me! Get your Latin dictionary and find out for yourself!—Ally Sloper.

THIS EARTH OF OURS

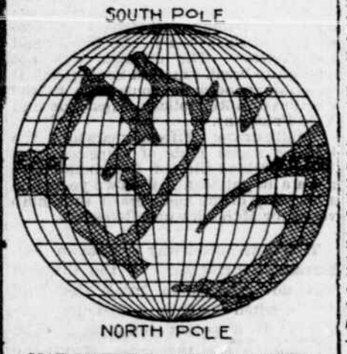
It Is the Most Desirable Unit of the Solar System.

Its Atmospheric Conditions and Lighting Facilities Are Far Superior to Those of Any Other Planet.

EVERYBODY is interested more or less in the earth on which he lives and the planets which the discerning eye discovers in the heavens. To demonstrate their various revolutions is the pleasant task of the astronomer who, to the average individual, is a person to be envied and honored.

Prof. Schiaparelli, the famous Italian astronomer, has recently completed a protracted study of the planet Mercury and has succeeded in charting its surface. He finds that Mercury is the only planet which is heavier than the earth. Taking the density of the earth as 1, that of Mercury is 1.26. No other member of the solar system, not even the sun itself, can compare with our globe in weight. Jupiter, the largest of all the planets is 1,400 times as big as the earth, but only 300 times as heavy. Mercury holds the two records for being heaviest, bulk for bulk, of all the planets, and of being nearest to the sun. But in all other respects the earth beats it. Mercury is only three times as large as the moon. It has little or no atmosphere, and, consequently, equally little water. Moreover, it seems fairly certain that it no longer revolves on its axis like our planet, but resembles the moon in turning one face always towards the sun. If you put down the figure 6, and add after it 21 noughts, you have the approximate weight in tons of the world we live and work in.

Venus, and not Mars, is the nearest of all the planets to ourselves. It also resembles the earth nearly in size and weight, and during its occasional transits across the sun's disk we can see its atmosphere. Mars is nearly 50,000,000 miles farther from the sun than the earth, but it is so much less hidden by clouds that we can tell more about its shape and make than about any other members of the solar system. Out of 100 square miles of our earth 72 are water and 28 are land.



MAP OF THE PLANET MERCURY.
(Made from Photographs Taken by Prof. Schiaparelli.)

In Mars water is so scarce that it is probably hoarded with great care; and the atmosphere so thin that its inhabitants, if any, must be provided with oxygen cylinders like those used by balloonists. Mars has two small moons, and therein it excels Mercury and Venus, which have no such light-giving satellites.

Jupiter is so covered with ever-changing bands of cloud that practically nothing is known about its surface. Its atmosphere must be thousands of miles deep, so that the inhabitants, if any, can never see the sun, which makes it certain that no creature belonging to this earth could live there at all. Jupiter also is a great sufferer from storms. Wind which blows 90 miles an hour on our planet levels everything before it. On Jupiter a 200-mile breeze is of common occurrence and blows for weeks at a time, as we can see by the movements of the clouds. Jupiter has four moons, but as they shine only with reflected sunlight the four together give only one-sixteenth as much light as our own moon.

Saturn is destitute of animal life. It is 745 times as large as this earth, but weighs only 90 times as much. It is, in fact, only three-fifths as heavy as its bulk of water. Anyone moving to Saturn, therefore, from this earth would be unable to keep afloat, even were he the best of swimmers. Saturn evidently is in a liquid condition, for astronomers watching this planet have noticed that it constantly changes shape. One side of it will bulge out as much as 400 or 500 miles. On this earth we get just 90 times as much heat and light as Saturn has from the sun, and all of Saturn's moons, eight in number, cannot make up for the deficiency, for their combined light is but one-sixteenth that of our satellite.

Uranus and Neptune are so far away that our knowledge of them is limited. Uranus must, indeed, be a dreary place. Its year is 84 of our years; its axis slopes much, and its winters, at least 42 years long, must be appalling. At the height of summer the sun looks about 1.390th as big as it appears to us. Neptune is so far from the center of the universe that to it the sun appears as a star does to us.

All of which goes to show that this earth of ours is, after all, a most desirable place to live on.

Sound Teeth Are Scarce.

A German dentist at Crefeld examined 5,300 school children, and found that only 4.37 per cent. had sound teeth.

A MEDAL FOR AMIABILITY

It Is a Quality of Character That Makes the World Better and Brighter.

There is a statement being made in some papers to the effect that at a school gathering some time ago a boy was awarded a medal for amiability. He was not specially apt in his studies; he was not singularly studious; but he was such a sweet-spirited fellow, he kept everybody in a wholesome humor, he was ever cheerful, he always lent a hand where it was needed—so they gave him a medal for being amiable. The incident is such a wholesome one that it is worth mentioning here with the suggestion that there are not a few of us who might well seek to imitate the lad, even if there were no medals to be given out. As one goes in and out among people, noting their temperaments, their likes and dislikes, their frankness — which is often another name for abruptness to the point of pain—there grows the longing for more amiable people. What a different world it might be if each of us determined to bring some sunshine into it. There is sunshine in the way we shake hands with people, in the way we greet them as they pass on the street, in the office and store. There was a father who made an agreement with his two little boys; they were to always make sunshine, ever to be amiable. One day the little five-year-old came to his father and said: "Papa, Willie is making clouds." "And what is the other laddie making?" His drooping head told the story; it usually takes two to make clouds; one amiable heart is likely to drive the clouds from other lives. If an award was being made for amiability would your name be called?—Baptist Union.

CRUMBS SWEPT UP.

Every lot is happy to a person who bears it with tranquility.—Boethius.

If we want to find life poor and narrow, all we have to do is to choose shallow companions and read trashy books.—Wellspring.

Take time to breathe a morning prayer, asking Good to keep you from evil and use you for His glory during the day.—Canadian Churchman.

Truth is the highest virtue and seldom grows wild. It is difficult to speak the truth, and those who have tried it longest best know how difficult it is.—George MacDonald.

"No one ever reached Heaven by living a careless, listless life. As Oliver Wendell Holmes once said: 'To reach the port of Heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail and not drift nor lie at anchor.'"

Whatever of success I have attained is due to my unfailing custom of reading my Bible and of praying every morning before I leave my room. No difficulties nor stress of business keep me from thus preparing myself for the day.—Booker T. Washington.

The honest service of Jesus Christ pays the soul a rich dividend of solid satisfaction. There is no wretchedness in a true Christian's trials; his bruised flowers emit sweet fragrance. The fruits of the Holy Spirit are love, joy and peace; the promise of the Lord Jesus is that His joy shall be full. The sweetest honey is gathered out of the hive of a busy, unselfish, useful and holy life.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Rejoicing with Her.

Minnie—Well, I'm glad Kit Spurlong is going to be married at last.

Lutie—The tone of your voice doesn't indicate it.

Minnie—But I am. When the list of marriage licenses is published everybody will find out she's 37 years old.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Just What She Wanted.

"Well," he said, drawing himself up proudly, "what if I have a past? Such a thing is not uncommon nowadays.

"Oh, no," she answered, "I realize that. But I never cared for the common. I think I'll wait for some one with a future."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Soft Answer, Etc.

Hezekiah—Jonas, are you aware that the hairs of your head are numbered?

Jonas—Yes. The Almighty would have to take to fractions if he ever undertook a census of yours.—Harvard Lampoon.

Quite Different.

May—But why do you think he made a mistake in taking up music as a profession? I always though he played the fiddle rather well.

Ann.—It's quite evident that you never heard him perform upon the violin.—Brooklyn Life.

Not a Knocker.

"How did you like the sermon this morning?"

"Oh, it was a beautiful discourse! I don't believe Satan himself could have taken offense at anything in it."—Chicago Tribune.

Dampened Her Ardor.

Ada—Jack actually proposed to me during the sermon at church, yesterday.

Clarice—Oh! don't let that worry you, dear—he often talks in his sleep.—Ally Sloper.

Funny Name.

He—I hear he calls his wife Fan; funny name, isn't it?

She—Why, no; I don't think so.

"But it seems so to me. You know most fans you can shut up."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Critics.

Ida—They say it was a case of love at first sight with him.

May—What a pity he wasn't a medium and could have taken a second sight!—Chicago Daily News.

Afraid of Comment.

"So you don't want your constituents to know about the luxury you are maintaining."

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "Some constituents are pretty selfish. They'll think that if I have any extra money to spend I ought to pay it out for votes."—Washington Star.

Defective Vision.

Crimsonbeak—My wife is the greatest woman for changing things around I ever saw.

Yeast—What's wrong now?

"Why I never can find the keyhole in the front door the same place two nights in succession."—Yonkers Statesman.

SHE SAVED HIS LIFE.

Quick-Witted Girl Improvised Tourniquet When Young Man Cut Artery in Arm.

William Schuster, son of Emil Schuster, a wealthy wine merchant of Mount Vernon, N. Y., is trying to find the beautiful young woman who by her quick action saved his life as he lay almost unconscious upon the sidewalk slowly bleeding to death from a terrible cut in his arm.

Schuster's father has a country place at Fleetwood, near Mount Vernon.

Young Schuster cut his right arm as he left Deady's hotel. In the dark he thrust his arm through the glass

"YOU ARE ALL RIGHT NOW."

door, ripping open an artery in two places, but did not realize how badly he had been hurt. He attempted to reach his home, but fell to the sidewalk in Fleet street in a faint from exhaustion.

He was revived by a touch on his forehead, and saw a beautiful young woman kneeling beside him.

"Don't move. I'll help you," she said. "I'm a trained nurse and used to handling such cases."

In a moment she had whipped out a handkerchief and bound it tightly about the wounded arm. A pebble was deftly placed directly over the artery, just below the shoulder. A pencil from Mr. Schuster's pocket was used to twist and tighten the improvised tourniquet, and in a moment the blood ceased spurting from the wounded artery.

"You are all right now, I think," she said to the young man, who was almost too weak to thank her.

"I'll wait until some one comes to take you home," she said, and stood near him until Dr. Banning, of Mount Vernon, appeared.

Then the young nurse slipped away without giving any hint as to her identity.

"This clever work saved your life," said Dr. Banning.

MADE A HASTY EXIT.

Louisville Story Teller Talks About the Sensational Sequel to a Stolen Kiss.

After various offerings of candy and flowers buggy drives and front seats at the theater, the young gentleman decided it was time to declare himself and win his reward. Accordingly he called on a Saturday evening, when the young woman was sure to be at home, and when no other callers would interfere. In his most irresistible manner he asked for a kiss. The girl refused.

"Then I shall kiss you anyhow," said the young man, not thinking for

PAPA WAS ASTONISHED.

a moment that she really did not want him to do so.

"Then I shall tell papa," said the girl in her sweetest tones.

Nothing daunted, the young man seized and kissed her not once, but several times. The girl hastily left the parlor and fled upstairs. "Papa," she said, "Mr. —— is down in the parlor. He is much interested in hunting and I was telling him of a new shotgun you purchased to-day. I tried to explain about it to him, but couldn't, and he wants you to bring it down and show it to him."

The old gentleman was delighted. He took the weapon from its case, put it together and carefully rubbing off the few specks of dust gathered on the barrels, started down the steps. As he entered the parlor door, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, he was astonished to see a young man rush wildly across the room, jump through the window and disappear into the night.

Brazil's Big Coffee Crop.

About half of the coffee consumed in the world comes from Brazil.

Birds Shun Fireflies.

Birds never eat fireflies, and really seem to shun their vicinity.

The Source of Wealth.

"The Shotsbys must be wealthy to give away so much in charity."

"They are. Shotsby got a corner not long ago in one of the necessaries of life."—Town Topics.